



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

the old aristocratic Roman Catholics of that part of the country, who prided himself not a little on being descended from one of those Danish Princes who invaded Ireland at an early period of her history. He received me more courteously than cordially; and after some conversation, said there was a parish vacant by the death of a very worthy priest who died of fever in the discharge of his duty, and ordered me to it on the Sunday following. As obedience is the primary law in a bishop's code, which they exercise with uncontrolled jurisdiction, there was little use in saying that I would be happy to spend some time with my family, so I made a virtue of necessity, and after a week's delay with my parents, I set off to my mountain parish on Sunday morning, accompanied by a boy who had a horse and car, containing a bed and bed-clothes, a fitch of bacon, a pound of tea, and a stone of sugar, with some bread given me by my mother. With this slender store of provision I journeyed along to commence the world; yet small as it was, it was quite sufficient, as the parish revenue, after the first week, was amply sufficient to render me independent of any extraneous aid. With this stock of provision and furniture, I commenced house-keeping in my highland home, a cabin not sufficiently respectable for the poorest cottier, nor even for the horse I rode. However, I had no alternative, it was in it the last priest lived, and most probably the only vacant one then to be found. It consisted of one room, with an earthen floor, without any overhead ceiling, and a kitchen with a fixed settle for the servant. Whatever furniture my predecessor had was removed by his friends, except an old crazy table, not worth the carriage, and a poor attenuated vestal who acted as his housekeeper, and who waited to see if his successor would take her, as she said, to earn an honest penny. She talked so often, and so well of the last priest, that she gained me over to her interest, and I never had less reason to regret my choice.

As the boy who drove the horse knew where the last priest lived, I pushed forward to the chapel, which was covered with straw, with a forge and a small toddy house, as its only appurtenance. Before I left home, I understood there was no respectable Roman Catholic in the parish, and I found them all frieze-coated persons of the same class, and almost uniform in their dress. They appeared to have a good deal of intelligence in their expression of countenance, without any marks of craft or duplicity, and with every manifestation of unsophisticated honesty, which subsequent experience proved to be really their character.

The priest's clerk, who is most commonly a sort of hereditary heirloom, was very assiduous, and made his responses as audibly, and with as much self-sufficiency, as if he understood the Latin language as well as Tacitus. After the service was over he accompanied me to my "mountain home," where the old vestal had our dinner prepared, which she placed upon the old kitchen table, that was bolstered up by the clerk with some bogwood, which was left as useless by the friends of the late priest. This old crazy table answered also as a bedstead for some time, until I could procure one from the county town. This poor man took care of my horse, and went to market on Saturday, as we had neither a butcher or baker in the neighbourhood, and in a little time, he learned to plant his early Yorks and Savoy's with as much precision as any vegetable gardener at Fulham. After the experience of ten years, I found this man to have but two faults, one in common with all the priests' clerks from Brandon Head to Donegal, that is, that he knew not one word of the responses he made at Mass; the other, in common with some of the priests themselves, that he sometimes took a little too much of the "mountain dew," which was to be found in abundance in those mountain ranges. The only circumstance that gave me pain was the want of society, as man without it generally degenerates into a misanthrope. A mutual communication of ideas, and sometimes a collision of sentiment, generates a desire to come at the foundation of truth. Yet, with my poor uneducated parishioners there could be no companionship.

That I should wish to avoid a life of seclusion, and possess a relish for a little society was very natural. Disguise as Romanists may, man was created for society; even in his uneducated and natural state he is gregarious, but when educated, he must either find, or form for himself, a social state. Not one of the numerous monastic institutions that peopled the eastern deserts, or the monasteries of the Levant, or of the interminable number of religious houses to be met with on the Continent, or in England, before the Reformation, fulfilled the ends of their creation, nor have they given to the world that good example which it expected from them. More Popes than one were obliged to issue an inquisitorial inquiry into the scandalous and disreputable conduct of those monastic institutions, particularly when the abbey were in proximate contiguity. Besides, I may be pardoned for the want of that peculiar taste, which placed Stylites upon a pillar, and condemned the monks of La Trappe to perpetual silence.

Possibly, too, I may be forgiven for feeling somewhat painfully the contrast between the mountain cabin, which I very appositely denominated *Misery Lodge*, with its odour of bogwood and turpentine, compared to the room I occupied in the Rue de St. Honore, near the Boulevard de Madeleine. Yet, there was no alternative; and as I was taught that obedience was better than sacrifice, nothing remained but to bear my fate with implicit submission. This

was, however, but a small part of my trials. The priest, however reluctant, must think as the bishop thinks; and, moreover, bear with patient endurance the irrational and unmeaning ceremonies and ritual observances of a mechanical religion as subservient acquirements. It may be worthy of remark, that those priests who are the sons of small farmers or artisans, are much more submissive to the will of their superiors, than those of the more opulent who are better educated, and whose minds are generally more independent, and more indifferent to the ritual observances of the Church of Rome.

In the country where I was located, there was but one resident Protestant gentleman to whom most of the parish belonged; he was always high on the grand panel of the county, drove four horses to his carriage, was a high-church-and-state-man, and upon bowing intimacy only, with the former priests. His lady, however, was a person of the most amiable manners, a florist, and kind to the poor. As I had no garden, I forwarded the Dutch bulbs to her, with directions in French, how to prepare compost, and to protect them, when in bloom, from the heat of the sun, which I had received from the seedsman in Bruges. How the Maynooth priest came by the Dutch flower roots was to her quite enigmatical.

To a thinking man, it must appear of no rare occurrence, what great effects are produced, either good or bad, by causes seemingly trivial. How true to life is that observation of Pascal, that in every state and condition of life, "C'est une roue de cuivre qui fait mouvoir une aiguille d'or." How little I thought that those few flower roots which I purchased in Holland, would be the means of procuring for me the friendship of the veriest of aristocratic proprietors, and a family who hated a priest as much as Byron did a monk. Before I proceed further, however, I must mention a circumstance worth the reader's attention as showing how antagonistic the teaching of the priesthood is with their practice. The first Shrove-tide after my induction, I married all those that presented themselves upon the "voluntary principle," and without any previous bargain. All the priests complained to the bishop that they would be inevitably ruined if I persevered upon this plan. The consequence was that the bishop sent down a priest the next Shrove-tide that made as close bargains as he would in the ordinary transactions of life; and to whom I was obliged to give a per centage. Now, if the bishops and priests believe matrimony to be a sacrament, what becomes of the teaching of St. Peter, when he says to Simon (Acts, chap. 8, v. 20) "thy money perish with thee, because thou hast taught that the gifts of God can be purchased with money." If they disbelieve them to be sacraments, to the crime of simony they add that of hypocrisy which is condemned in the most forcible language that could be uttered by St. Paul. I might, perhaps, add, that to those sins they added, in my case, that of usury; for I was obliged, under pain of disobedience, to give this priest 20 per cent. out of the money which he so unfeelingly wrrenched from the pockets of my reluctant parishioners.

The spring following I received a note from the lady of the manor, to come and see the flowers in blow, and to spend the day; I accordingly went "nothing loth," and spent a happy evening with a family well educated, and of highly polished manners. The gentleman of the house was a Protestant "of the right sort," and would not allow the word "expediency" into the vocabulary of his religion or politics. To the ease of a gentlewoman, the lady superadded the most refined manners, and the young ladies were not only familiar with the round of female accomplishments, and spoke French grammatically, but were able to converse critically upon most subjects, and particularly on one in which I felt much interest, the decay of ecclesiastical architecture in Ireland since the Reformation. At this period the country was greatly disturbed by the agitation of the tithe question; and the proprietor considered it very prudent to build a military barrack near his residence, as he lived about ten miles from the county town where the military were stationed. He accordingly built one, and a detachment was ordered out for his and the public protection; so that the want of society which I dreaded so much, was obviated by the box of flower-roots, and the barrack which O'Connell's giant agitation caused to be erected. If the Sunday evening dinner was not improved by the zest of the classical literature of the different officers quartered in the new barracks, yet the frank manners of a soldier combined with the polish of a travelled gentleman, contributed exceedingly to our Sunday happiness, and I need scarcely add, made his society particularly welcome to the young ladies as well as their seniors. As the life of a priest is so monotonous, that the history of one week is almost an epitome of his entire life when once placed in a parish, it will be sufficient to say, that ten years thus passed off in the happiest manner, enlivened by the society of this Protestant family, and the different officers that were quartered in the barracks.

One circumstance connected with this family made a serious impression on my mind, which I cannot omit making mention of, as it is one deserving of warm commendation, and which ought to be practised in every family in the kingdom—I mean family prayers, that the blessing of God may descend upon them. We read in the gospel of St. Matthew, 15th chapter and 20th verse: "That where two or three are gathered in His name, He is in the midst of them;" and the 11th chapter and 9th verse of St. Luke tells us: "And I

say unto you, ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Would that every family, in accordance with this precept, had at least on Sunday evenings united prayer, and with one voice and sincerity of heart, asked "those things that are requisite and necessary as well for the body as the soul." I am not ashamed to confess, that though in the commencement of my acquaintance with this family, I only joined in these family prayers, I subsequently was permitted to read them myself, and experienced no remorse in doing so. How little Roman Catholics usually know of that beautiful liturgy which the Church of England has compiled for the use of her people.

In a little time after this a dark and heavy cloud was seen to loom on the horizon of my hopes, which no exertion of mine could dissipate or sunshine illumine. The unexpected death of the proprietor cast a general gloom on the surrounding country, and the sorrow of the family and of the tenantry was loud and pathetic on this mournful occasion. The stock and effects were sold by public auction. The lady of the house, with her daughters, went to reside at Bath, and both her sons, who were in the army, were in the East Indies. Family incumbrances required the property to be put under the control of the Chancellor. The agent, who was well acquainted with the condition of the tenantry, was removed, and another appointed, who was perfectly unacquainted either with them or the nature of the different soils, and consequently of their value; and many of the unhappy tenantry were, within the short space of two years, reduced to seek a shelter in the workhouse from this unfeeling tyrant. It was thus the cup of happiness was at once dashed from my lips, and the seat of hospitality and cheerfulness plunged into the gloom of the desert. It is generally observed that one misfortune seldom comes unattended by her twin sister. All the military detachments in Ireland were called into head-quarters, and replaced by the constabulary, so that, in the space of a few months, I lost not only the society of a highly-respectable family, but also that of Captain S., as fine a fellow as ever cast five yards of mohair into a river—a modern Raleigh, the Ivanhoe of chivalry; and I was once more plunged into that solitude which I so much dreaded at the commencement of my missionary labours:—

"Thus hope unmoores her little boat,
And boldly tempts the main,
Winning the daring height she sought,
To fall to earth again."

But God, who does every thing for the best, was all this time working invisibly for my future happiness, as will be seen hereafter.

(To be continued.)

THE SURE TITLE; OR, FATHER FLYNN AND PHIL RYAN.

Father Flynn had been lecturing us on the greatness and power of the Church, and commanding us to leave the care of our souls entirely to the clergy, and to be satisfied that what they told us, and nothing else, was right. There was a bold fellow present, one Phil Ryan, a decent farmer, with some small holdings, in a place near us. When they were dismissed, all but myself, and two or three more, that were in the priest's confidence, Phil came back, and making his best bow, said:—

"Plase your riverence, I just forgot how I want to lodge a complaint against Mike Connor; he is contrary, and scrupulous, and suspicious."

"Well, be short, man; it's little I'm likely to do in settling your differences; but I always held Mike to be a decent fellow than yourself," says Father Flynn.

"Well, then," says Phil, "to make short of it, your riverence, I want Mike to rint of me a snug cabin, and a matter of two acres of good land, on a lease."

"Well?"

"Mike is unreasonable, your riverence, all out; he wants to see my title, to be sure it's good, and to examine all about the little property; which I take very tunkind at his hand, seeing he has my word for it all."

"Why, man alive!" says the priest, who had a liking to Mike, "what's got into your head, now? Do you suppose any but a natural would take your bare word in a matter where himself, his interest, and his comfort, are all concerned? Go give him the satisfaction he wants, and don't be setting yourself up in the place of justice, lease, and all."

But Phil did not move. "Plase your riverence," said he, "I have the head landlord's authority to say, that he executed the lease, putting me in possession of these premises, to let as I like; and why should any man stand doubting me for want of proofs?"

"Get along, sir," said Father Flynn, to him again. "Produce your lease, show him the title, satisfy the honest man's mind, that his own will be good, or else he's a fool if he has anything to say to you or your holdings; it's what every tenant has a right to," says he again to us; "and ye know that, boys, very well."

But what a change came over Phil! He stood as bold as a lion, and as brisk-looking as a kid; and never moving his eyes from the priest's face, that grew all scarlet and blue, as he spoke, he said:—"Why, then, your riverence, will you please to show me your title to grant me an entrance into the kingdom of heaven; and satisfy me that if I take it at your hands, I am safe in possession, let who may object to it?"

The priest was like one mad. He made as if he would close in upon him and chastise him; but Phil was a powerful fellow, and not to be trifled with. He stood on his guard firmly, but not disrespectfully, and so went on—

"It's but a cabin, sir, and a patch of ground; and the longest possession a man can have of it is but a few years. And in case he don't get it, there's scores of places just as good to the fore; or, if he's turned out, he needn't want a shelter to go to. But the place that we're depending on your riverence to engage for us when we leave this world—"

Here the priest interrupted him with a worse word than I would like to write down; and turning to us, he said—

"Boys, will you see your priest insulted by a swaddling apostate, that sold himself to the devil and the Bible-men for a few coin? My curse on ye if ye don't stop his blasphemous mouth, and drive him out!"

"They needn't," says Phil, looking coolly at us; "I'm not going to trouble your riverence any further, as I've insensed you into my meaning about the everlasting habitation. I meant you no disrespect, sir; but a poor man's soul is precious; and I must have better warrant than the bare word of any living man before I hazard it for ever."—*American Paper.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The great length of Mr. Power's letter has obliged us to postpone Mr. Rourke's till our next. Our reasons for not publishing the communication headed "Talk of the Wall," have been already stated in our May number.

We have again to apologize to several of our friends for postponing their valued communications. If our correspondents would recollect the limited space of our columns, when forwarding letters or articles, it would prevent much embarrassment and disappointment.

We beg to call the attention of our correspondents to the utility of adding their name and address to their communications.

To diminish the chance of disappointment, all letters should be forwarded to the office by the first day of the month.

All letters to be addressed to the Editor, 9, Upper Sackville-st. Contributors of £1 per annum will be furnished with six copies, any of which will be forwarded, as directed, to nominees of the subscriber. Any one receiving any number of the journal, which has not been paid for or ordered by himself, will not be charged for it, and may assume that it has been paid for by a subscriber.

The Catholic Layman.

DUBLIN, NOVEMBER, 1854.

WE have been so little in the habit of boasting of what we have done in the field of controversy, that it is very probable many of our most constant readers are actually ignorant, even at the present time (though our periodical has now been in existence nearly three years), to what extent its columns have been circulated, and read throughout the British dominions. The official returns made by the Revenue department, and recently published, of the number of stamps issued to the several newspapers in this city, have, however, made public the *enormity* of our proceedings; and we were somewhat amused a short time since by a story told us by a warm friend, of a worthy man, sincerely anxious for the success of Protestant missions in this country, but apparently wholly ignorant of the existence or nature of our paper, who confessed to him that he had been greatly discouraged by seeing, from the public returns, the increased circulation of a "Popish" paper, called the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, which, within the preceding twelve months, had actually risen to an annual issue of 120,000 copies! As it is useless to deny that our misdemeanours really amount to that formidable number, we must only hope that our numerous readers will rejoice to find that they have so many to sympathize with them, and that they will cordially aid our efforts to make our circulation still greater, so as to bring it within the reach of all who are able and willing to use the reason which God has graciously bestowed on them, in "proving all things, and holding fast that which is good." Nor can we help feeling gratified by the numerous encouraging letters which reach us from various quarters, expressive of cordial approbation of the tone and spirit of our paper. We also think it right to acknowledge the flattering allusion to our labours, made by

an ably-conducted contemporary, the *Irish Church Journal*, in a recent number, couched in terms of praise, which, though they may exceed our merits, certainly but justly describe what we would earnestly *desire* to become, if in our power. We trust none of our readers will attribute our citing it to mere vanity or a spirit of boasting, which we hope we have never indulged in, but rather to a sincere desire to encourage our readers, by showing them that their partiality for our columns is participated in by others well qualified to judge of the object we have in view, and our mode of attempting to effect it.

"Let that admirable periodical, the CATHOLIC LAYMAN," says our respected contemporary, "which has already done so much good, in the most solid, but least obtrusive form, be generously supported, and the sphere of its operations extended on all sides. It reaches the minds that lead others. It exercises an influence not only on the middle classes, the shopkeepers, and more intelligent farmers—but upon the priests themselves. It is a missionary whose advent provokes no riots, and brings about no breach of the peace—a missionary who can be present with the same talent, learning, good taste, and wisdom, at the same time in every house in Ireland—a missionary who runs no risk of broken bones himself, and whom every man may listen to without compromising his position in society, or drawing upon himself the universal notice of his neighbours."

Should the above passage meet the eye of the worthy friend of Irish Protestant Missions, above referred to, we hope it will go far to reconcile him to the idea which so grievously alarmed him when he discovered that the circulation of the CATHOLIC LAYMAN, within the last twelve months, amounted to 120,000 copies. Our appeals he will find are all to the reason, and never to the passions of our readers, either Roman Catholic or Protestant; and, therefore, afford, we hope, some prospect of ultimately leading men to the truth. We have good reason, also, to believe, that the *Irish Church Journal* is not far wrong in the allusion made in the passage cited to the Roman Catholic priesthood, and that no inconsiderable number of the priests in this country are among our regular readers. It would be too much to suppose that the majority of them are friendly to our exertions, or that they do not still look upon our pages with a somewhat jaundiced eye, as calculated to exercise an injurious effect upon their own interests. Some, however, we sincerely believe, are capable of taking a higher and more noble-minded view of the matter, and would willingly (or even, like the worthy Dutch priest described in another column, gladly) see a reformation in the Church of which they are members, did they not fear that a disclosure of their wishes might subject them to the wrath of their ecclesiastical superiors, and tend to their personal ruin. We confess it ever gives us pain to think that even the transition from the most fatal error to the most glorious truth should injure, even in a temporal point of view, the welfare of any one, whether priest or layman; and we would gladly see the same happy result again, which has, in some instances, we believe, already occurred even in this country, of the priest and his flock *simultaneously* repudiating the errors of a Church which has long arrogantly claimed to be "the mother and mistress of all Churches," without being able to give any rational proof to satisfy an unprejudiced inquiring mind, that she really deserves that title. It is cheering, however, to learn, as we read in a letter from Monsieur ERNEST VENT, pastor at Brussels, dated 5th October, 1854, published in the same periodical above referred to, that Roman Catholic priests, who have the courage, like the Abbe MIEL (whose interesting letter we printed in our last number), to follow their conscientious convictions, by renouncing the Church of Rome, are not always, even in that eminently Romish country, Belgium, pecuniary sufferers by their change.

"Until 1839," writes Monsieur Vent, "there were in Brussels only two Anglican Churches, and the French and German Church, which latter consists of about 3,000 Pro-

testants. In that year, pastor Von Maerdyck, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, opened a Flemish Church. At first, there were but thirty or forty hearers. Last year, the Flemish congregation numbered more than fifteen hundred, of whom more than twelve hundred were converts. This congregation has become so settled, and is progressing so regularly, that the government could not help allotting a salary to its pastor, three months ago. Thus, this Church is now publicly acknowledged, and forms but one with the French and German one. M. Von Maerdyck has, during the whole year, two religious lectures in two different parts of the city, for adult Romanists—these lectures are attended by from sixty to seventy persons."

We are not altogether without hope that we may yet live to see the day when similar results may not be uncommon in our own beloved country. Be that as it may, however, we are determined to do our part, under the Divine blessing, and leave the result to God. Will not our readers assist us in this devout wish, by circulating our pages, if they approve of them, by every means in their power?

RECENT CONTROVERSY AT BOULOGNE.

(Continued from page 124.)

Dr. M.—It is not the fact that the Church has always interpreted the passage, "Thou art Peter," &c., in the manner you state. We have distinct proof of this in the reason assigned for giving the Bishop of Rome a primacy of place—namely, the rank of his metropolitan city; that, and not the passage "thou art Peter," &c., was the foundation of the precedence of place allowed to him. But I must ask you to remember your own assertion, that these words conferred both infallibility and jurisdiction over the whole Church, upon St. Peter, and the Roman Pontiffs. Produce, therefore, if you please the decree of the early Church giving that passage.

Mr. G.—The great Council of Nice, held in the year 325, declared that the Church of Rome always had the primacy and jurisdiction over the whole Church.

Dr. M.—No such decree was made. The Roman legate, at the subsequent Synod of Sardica, referred to a canon of the Council of Nice, and, when quoting it, interpolated the words you mention. Reference was made to the genuine canons, when this addition was convicted, and rejected. Again, I must ask you what even this has to do with infallibility? Why do you not produce a decree of the Church, if any such really exist, on this head? If the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff or Church, was recognised is it not strange that we do not find it either urged or submitted to, which, if true, it assuredly would be, as the effectual means of checking or ending the multitudinous disputes which distracted the early Church. Not only is this not the case, but we have decisive testimony to the reverse. This infallible interposition was not only not exerted, but decisions of the Roman Bishop were even disbelieved. Take, for instance, the memorable Donatist schism, when the Emperor commanded the Roman Pontiff (with whom he associated other bishops) to examine the matter. The Donatist bishops refused submission to this Pontiff's decision when adverse to them, alleging, as a reason for so doing, that the judgment of a few western bishops—the Pope being one of them—should not be weighed against that of so many Numidian ones. Now, is it credible, that such a plea as this could have been made—and it appears, moreover, to have been allowed—if the infallibility of the Roman Pontiff or Church had been then a recognised doctrine? With respect to the *jurisdiction* of the Roman Pontiff, I just wish to ascertain what you understand by it; has the Pope supreme power in temporal as well as in spiritual matters?

Mr. G.—In both; he has a direct and supreme authority in spiritual things; but, since you cannot separate these from temporal, he has, indirectly, jurisdiction over the latter also.

Dr. M.—I ask the question because, whatever claim you make, it is *that* and not something else which you must prove. Is there any doctrine of your Church on the subject, or is it not true that here, as in other most important matters, there is a variety of opinion? Thus, on the one side, Pope Innocent III. claims express temporal jurisdiction over kings—God, said he made two great lights, the greater to rule the day, &c., these are, said he, the papal and the regal; the former superior to the latter.

Mr. G.—I never heard that illustration before; it is beautiful, and quite expresses the truth.

Dr. M.—Well, let us see, here are Cardinal Wiseman's words directly contradicting the Pope—"There is nothing taught in the Catholic Church on the subject; it is no principle of her belief whatsoever, that the Pope does possess, or can possess, any temporal power, and that if we speak of those kingdoms which are not in anywise connected with his temporal government, it

* For this reason, the Bishop of Rome must long since be disintituled even to this primacy of place.